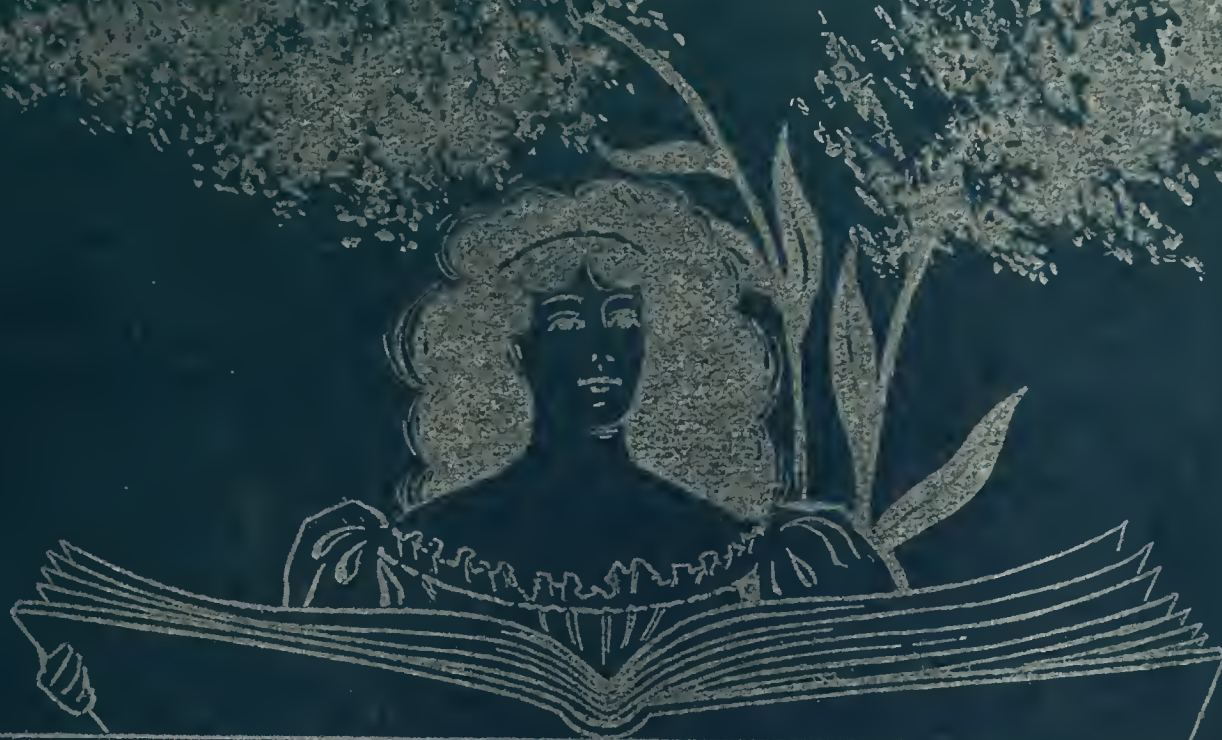




THE GOLDEN ROD

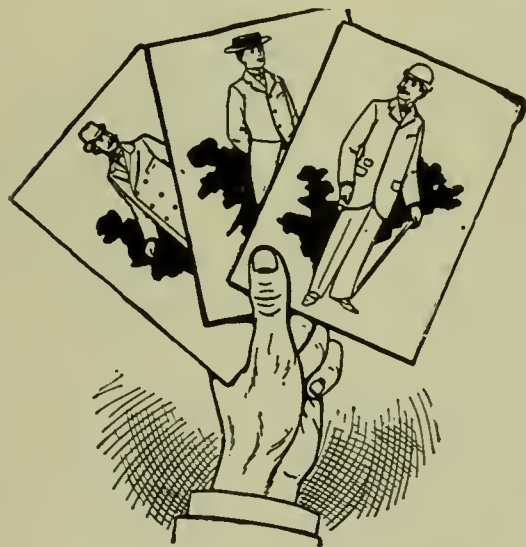
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zors honed and concaved. Thanking you for past fa-
vors and hoping to receive a continuance in the future,
I remain, O. A. MINOT.

THE GOLDEN ROD *

IS PRINTED BY

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Artistic Printing Solicited.



Vol. 1X.
Whole No. 72

QUINCY, MASS., DEC., 1899. HOLIDAY EXTRA.

No. 2.
Estab. 1891.

The Golden-Rod

WILL BE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
SCHOOL YEAR IN THE INTEREST OF THE

QUINCY HIGH SCHOOL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

For the Year, 50 Cents. = Single Copies, 10 Cents.

For Sale at W. C. Hartwell's, Quincy, and
John Shunk's, Wollaston.

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Entered at the Quincy (Mass.) Post Office as Second
Class Matter.

EDITORIALS.

As the Christmas season passes with its jollity and mirth and our thoughts turn to the New Year, let us include in our resolutions, at this fresh start of time, one in the interest of the school. Perhaps the best one will be a strengthened determination to make the school year the most successful possible. This will require the interest and assistance of everyone in the various phases of the work. The GOLDEN-ROD, the symbol of the school work,

should also be included, since its prosperity and success are dependent upon the hearty support of the school.



Perfection is the goal of all mankind. It is a mount whose summit no human person has yet reached. The constant elimination of faults and blemishes in the struggle inspires renewed efforts for its attainment. There is an adage, "Habit is a cable, everyday we weave a thread and soon cannot break it." If each new thread forms a good habit and the bad ones are gradually severed, a series of cables may soon be made strong enough when fastened to the summit of perfection to sustain us when we slip and to aid us when we climb. Habits are contagious and a time may come when through co-operation and mutual sympathy, cables shall be wrought so strong that mankind shall attain to the Great Goal.



A Haunted House.

In one of his stories Kipling says: "Somewhere in the Other World, where there are books and pictures and plays and shop-windows to look at, and thousands of men who spend their lives in building up all four, lives a gentleman who writes real stories about the real insides of people, and his name is Mr. Walter Besant. But he will insist upon treating his ghosts—he has published half a workshopful of them—with levity. He makes his ghost-seers talk familiarly, and,

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in some cases, flirt outrageously, with the phantoms. You may treat anything, from a Viceroy to a Vernacular Paper, with levity, but you must behave reverently toward a ghost. There are in this land ghosts who hide in trees near the roadside till a traveller passes. Then they drop upon his neck and remain. There are also terrible ghosts of women who wander along the pathways at dusk, or hide in the copse near a village, and call seductively. There are ghosts of little children who wail under the stars. The older Provinces simply bristle with haunted houses, and march phantom armies along their main thoroughfares."

Kipling's ghosts are gloomy ghosts and his haunted houses are mostly Indian bungalows, where terrible ghosts haunt grewsome places and it gives one a "creepy" feeling to read about them. But the ghost of this story is of an entirely different kind.

Having within its borders such spots as Squantum, where Miles Standish landed with his Indian guide, Squanto; Ma-re or Merry Mount where Thomas Morton held his unholy revels and was banished because of them; Penn's Hill of Abigail Adams fame; and many old houses, each one of which has at some time sheltered men whose names have since become famous:—John Adams and his son John Quincy, John Hancock who married Dorothy Quincy, a niece of the famous Dorothy Quincy of whom Holmes wrote so beautifully, and many, many more,—is it strange that a ghost story has crept in among the numerous interesting tales told of Old Quincy?

Many years ago there was built, not far from the site of the "Chappel of Ease," a modest, two-storied, lean-to-house. In the course of time this house passed from the original owner's family into other hands. Until about a century ago, it was owned by a man who has left his name attached to several well known

places about Quincy. Could the builder have seen his house at that time he would not have recognized it, for an ell had been added here and a bay window there, and, from a small house of perhaps five rooms it was now a mansion of pretentious size.

The interior was very quaint with its narrow halls and short, crooked flights of stairs which were dangerously steep, and its many odd nooks and corners. One almost needed a guide in order not to get lost. Just the place that a ghost would choose, however.

Men prominent in political history prior to and during the Revolutionary war have lived there, and without doubt many a knotty question has been discussed within the walls of this house.

What interesting stories the old house could have told. How night after night, when war rumors were thick, in a closely shuttered room above stairs were gathered hot tempered youths who denounced King George in strongest terms, and soberer men who acted as a restraining hand upon their more fiery tempered brothers. Here they discussed the Stamp Act, the Boston Massacre, the tea party, and, when the call to arms came, they said goodbye to the home of their youth, not knowing when, if ever, they would see its hospitable doors again.

Here, too, the mother and her daughter daily went about their household tasks with New England thrift, but always with anxiety in their hearts for news of the loved ones on the distant battlefields.

And after peace came, what happy times the old place witnessed.

The mistress was famous for her hospitality and it was seldom that the house was not filled with guests from nearby Boston town and the county hereabout.

During this time there had been growing up a maiden who was destined to fill a prominent place in history as a beauty and noted belle. She was a frequent visitor in Quincy and spent many happy

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summers in the old house of this story. "She was a most lovable example of the old-fashioned girl," with her dainty figure, deep-brown hair and rosy cheeks. Many hearts both young and old, were captivated by a glance from her laughing brown eyes. At an early age she married a young Bostonian, the playmate of her childhood. They were happy until money troubles broke up their home and compelled the young husband to flee to another country, where he died. For many years his widow lived a secluded life and finally went to live with the family of a former schoolmate. Here she died about half a century ago and her body lies in the old cemetery on the hill near where she had lived.

Servants who have lived in the Quincy home within the past forty years claim to have seen her walking in the garden.

A gentle woman in life, she was gentle in her visitations, inspiring a feeling of awe rather than one of fear in those who saw her; and perhaps that is why it was not known until recently that the place had been called haunted.

One old man says. "she was a bonny lady, although sad beyond words, and always dressed in the habiliments of woe."

Why did she haunt this Quincy home? Was there some secret left untold at her death; did she hide some of her treasures in the old home; or, were the years spent there such happy ones that she was loth to part from the memory of them and returned to live again the merry days of her youth?

This we may never know, for these events are fast fading into oblivion.



A Winter in the Northwest.

Several years ago a party of young men, after graduating from an Eastern High School, decided to spend a few

months on a farm before engaging in further study. Accordingly, the latter part of July found them enjoying the novelties of farm life on a ranch in the southeastern part of South Dakota.

The ranch was situated on the uplands near the Missouri river and comprised five hundred acres of land. The buildings were a brick residence, half a mile from which were a large barn and a building occupied by the farm hands.

The boys found much to occupy their minds and August and early September passed rapidly away and then came the Indian summer, the most enjoyable season of the year in the Northwest. The pleasant weather continued until well into October and it had been so warm, the farmers had taken no thought of preparing for the winter. The pumpkins and squashes dotted the fields here and there with patches of yellow, and very little corn had been harvested.

But all this unusually pleasant weather was the calm before the storm. On the fifteenth of October the worst blizzard known in the history of the Northwest swept across Dakota. The snow fell continually for three days and nights and the thermometer registered far below zero. During the storm our party was confined to the house, but when the snow ceased falling they ventured out on snow shoes. They found the snow averaged eight feet on the level, and on reaching the barn discovered on one side, a drift measuring twenty-eight feet in height. At the front of the barn, they found all the farm hands digging at a large drift which covered the pig pen. The breath of the pigs had melted numerous holes up through the snow, and through these an occasional squeal could be heard. The boys obtained shovels, and with their help the animals were soon liberated. Those above were safe, but the lower ones had been smothered. A number of sheep perished in the same manner. This is but one instance

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of what happened all over that region. In that great storm large numbers of sheep, swine, and even cattle were lost.

The afternoon and the two following days were spent in digging paths. There were many drifts to tunnel through, and the fun of making one of those tunnels more than outbalanced the work.

A trip to the city (Yankton,) which is about two miles distant, soon became necessary to replenish the oil and provisions. As it was impossible to go with a team, all of the boys volunteered to go on their snow shoes, and their offer being gladly excepted, they were soon on their way to the city. Provisions were obtained without any difficulty, but to obtain oil was another matter. There was but one barrel of the latter in the city, and the owner of this was getting an enormous price for it. He would sell only half a gallon to each customer, and in spite of their protests that was all the boys could get.

While returning home, they were discussing what they should do for light when the oil was gone, and one of the party suggested that they make candles. This plan was accepted and on reaching the house the experiment was tried. The first two or three were rather poor imitations of candles, but after a little practice some very good ones were made. Candles were used for over a week, at which time the first train which had arrived from the East since the storm began, reached the city, bringing plenty of oil.

The weather continued intensely cold for several weeks, freezing the Missouri river to the bottom in some places, the first time on record, and the ice continued unusually thick during the whole winter.

Although the storm had caused much loss of life and property, it was nothing compared to what followed with the spring thaw. The river became blocked with ice, and overflowed its banks, covering the lowlands for miles around. At

one point near the Nebraska line the water was sixty miles in width.

When the flood was at its height, the boys were standing on a bluff overlooking the river. The stream suddenly tried a favorite trick of its sister, the Mississippi, and changed its course. An avalanche of water and ice swept over the beautiful village of Green Island, in sight on the opposite bank, and completely destroyed it. Houses and great trees were carried away like chips, and along with them went many domestic animals. The church steeple stood the strain for nearly an hour but at last it too went down with a crash, the bell tolling the death of the village. The inhabitants had been afraid the town would be flooded and had gone up to the uplands, but few thought it would be utterly destroyed. The flood continued for several days, and when it subsided the river banks were piled high with ice and debris, reaching in some places a height of thirty feet.

The ranch on which the boys were staying suffered very little as it was on the high ground, but many of the neighbors lost everything they possessed and were obliged to begin anew.

Soon after this the party returned East and I doubt if any of them will ever forget the experience of that winter.



ATHLETICS.

The Quincy High second eleven has rivaled the first in gaining glory for the school. They have shown such determination and grit that they have been able to win victories in all the games to date but one, which was a tie. The team is stronger than that of any previous season. The line-up is as follows:—

l. e., T. Murphy.

l. t., Mitchell.

l. g., Ricé, Lewis.

c., Cobb.

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r. g., Stebbins.
r. t., Arnold.
r. e., Hardwick, Peters.
q. b., Wright.
l. h. b., Miller, Hayes, D. Murphy.
r. h. b., Williams.
f. b., Tupper, (Captain).

ADAMS 2d, 0; QUINCY 2d, 6.

The first game was played at Merry-mount Park against the second eleven from Adams Academy. This game was hard fought throughout, since the teams were very evenly matched. However our boys played faster than Adams. For Quincy, Tupper and Williams made several strong rushes while Miller made an eighty-yard run.

ABINGTON, 6; QUINCY 2d, 18.

Another victory for Quincy 2d was won at Abington against the first team of Abington High. The Abington eleven was much heavier than Quincy and when Quincy entered the field they felt that all they could do was to prevent Abington from making a large score. They were not in the least discouraged, but entered the game fearlessly and determined. To the great surprise of all, Quincy succeeded in defeating them. The whole line held well and Williams, Tupper and Hayes circled the ends almost at will.

BRAINTREE HIGH, 5; QUINCY, 2d, 5.

The Braintree High first eleven came to Quincy to play our second eleven and to beat them, so they said. But great was their disappointment at finding that, pound as much as they liked, they could only get one touchdown and they were compelled to go home with no better consolation than the thought that they had only tied the second eleven of Quincy. Tupper went through the Braintree line in a way that gained him great credit. Wright managed the team with great judgment.

ADAMS 2d, 0; QUINCY 2d, 42.

Great improvement has been made by

the second eleven as is shown by this victory. Again Adams' second eleven came with smiling and confident air to show our eleven how to play foot ball, but instead received a lesson in scoring. The second eleven seems to be greatly accomplished in painting disappointed looks on the faces of its opponents. The game was marked by the heavy rushes of Williams and Peters, while T. Murphy made some good gains on end plays. There were no noticeable faults in the line. At first the onlookers cheered when Quincy made a good gain but later, when several touchdowns had been secured, the cheering turned to laughter.

ABINGTON, 0; QUINCY 2d, 47.

Again Quincy second piled up one of its handsome scores. This time the victims were Abington's representatives. A large crowd attended the game and remarks like "I see Quincy's finish" were heard. Not so, for in the game one would see a Quincy player rushing for a touchdown and a long string of Abington boys picking themselves up and slowly proceeding to get into place. A ninety-yard run for a touchdown made by Tupper on a double pass was a notable feature, although many long rushes were made by Williams, Miller, Peters and Murphy.

The conduct both of the members of the elevens and of the young men and ladies of the school has received frequent but always favorable comment on the football field this fall. Gentlemanly conduct and football are not always found together. Even in the final game between the first and second elevens for the championship of the school, when many close decisions were rendered, not once did a young man forget himself.

* * *

LOCALS.

The foot-ball pictures are excellent.

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Do your duty by entering the prize contests.

The "Flying Squadron" must look out for Division B.

It has been suggested that a polo team be started in the school this winter.

Why can't 1902 have the highest record for attendance? Surely a real effort will gain it.

The fifth period class in Physical Culture at the annex has been discontinued until further notice.

The music class must be "hard up" to find pieces for their repertoire. They have resorted to nursery rimes.

The Exchange column is omitted this month because of the small number of papers received since the last issue.

Heard in Greek 1902. Translation, "The man fled."

Pupil's translation, "The man has flown."

If you would like to know which is the lighter, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead, inquire of one of the pupils of Chemistry A.

Teacher,—“Why was Edward IV's reign not a peaceful one?”

Pupil,—“Because Margaret, his wife, kept at him all the time.”

Mr. Harper recently photographed the foot-ball elevens at practice. The plates promise good pictures of end-plays, center rushes, groups and line-ups.

The city will be obliged to engage an instructor in swimming for the High school, if the young men persist in going on Butler's pond while the ice is thin.

In running on frozen water, one should be careful not to lose control of his feet lest he find the depth and temperature of the water in addition to the thickness of the ice.

1902, How do you enjoy the French tests?

Literature teacher,—“What is the most noticeable characteristic of Gama?”

Very bright pupil,—“His garulosity.”

Literature teacher,—“Tell the part of Lancelot and Jessica.”

Pupil,—Jessica was Lancelot's father.”

The freshmen Latin classes have a new way to distinguish the third and fourth conjugations. These conjugations are compared to some ladies—they have no “bo” in the future.

A number of pupils from the senior literature class, accompanied by several teachers, recently witnessed Irving and Terry's production of Shakespeare's “Merchant of Venice.”

English teacher,—“Tell what is the trouble with this sentence. ‘On account of the small number of seats available, no ladies will be admitted, only men.’”

Small boy,—“It is an example of faulty climax. Ladies, as being more important, should be put last in the sentence.”

That Dog.

A dog who was bold even though he was small,
Up the steps of the High School did run.
The pupils they giggled and laughed, one and all,
As if they considered it fun.
It may have been learning this canine did seek,
Or perhaps an old friend he did smell,
He passed through the doorway serenely, and
meek,
Without even ringing the bell.
On into the schoolroom and up the broad aisle,
This strange seeker for knowledge did go.
The scholars broke into an audible smile.
Which louder and louder did grow.
Alas! the bright hopes of this ambitious dog.
Were a setback severe to receive.
For Anonymous cornered him soon in a jog.
And gave not a moment reprieve.
The learned apostle was then to be seen
With the dog swiftly seeking the door.
We hope that the animal's pain was not keen;
However his school-days are o'er.

Homer?

